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*"What fools these Mortals be!"*

# Puck

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THE DRILL-MASTER OF THE EAST.



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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## "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THE GRAFT HUNT in the Department of Agriculture might possibly come under the head of Scientific Research.

THE NEXT time Paterson elects a mayor it is a pretty safe assumption that "the people's choice" will both drink and smoke.

A PHILADELPHIA exchange says "we need more Lawsons." Maybe Philadelphia does. Other cities report a sufficiency of noise.

THERE HAVE been signs of late in the literary world that, as coin-gatherers, the six-best-selling-novels may be far less successful in the long run than the six-best-selling-scandals.

"DIVINE PROVIDENCE miraculously preserved his Majesty," says a Constantinople despatch concerning the attempt to get the Sultan. Or, if you prefer, the devil takes care of his own.

DOUBTLESS, by its teamsters' strike, in which two were killed and thirty injured, San Juan, Porto Rico, wished merely to show that it was as thoroughly and as progressively American as Chicago, Illinois.

THE SPRINGFIELD *Republican* alludes to the Senate as "the greatest deliberative body on earth." The *Republican* is reminded that, according to several precedents, "the most deliberate body on earth" would be nearer to the facts.

IF ALBANY's standards of right and wrong are the same in the insurance investigation as they were shown to be in the Hooker case, no one need worry much about the ultimate outcome. No one, that is, but the public.

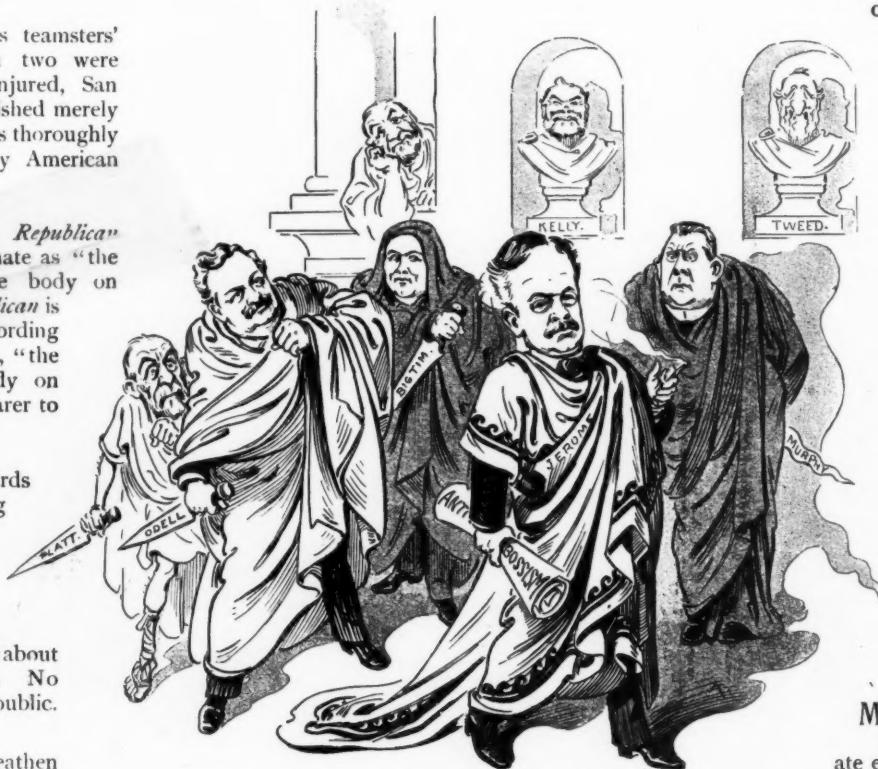
INASMUCH as the heathen mind can not grasp its limited meaning, notice should be sent to our Chinese missionaries to let up on the Golden Rule theory until further notice from the State Department. If not this, then let the missionaries proclaim throughout all China that in America the said rule applies only on Sundays.

"ANOTHER SUNDAY of senseless oppression," is the way an autoist puts it. To the pedestrian it looked like another Sunday of senseless speed.

THE POLICE of Munich stopped a moving-picture show on the ground that it was a "profanation of hell." Evidently, Munich is a firm believer in the *The Hell Beautiful*.

SECRETARY WILSON thinks the American people "are worth seeing," and will stick. Mr. Balfour has a like high opinion of the English public, and will also stick. 'Rah for the mucilage statesmen!

WE WOULD courteously suggest to the Hon. Charles A. Moore, of the Protective Tariff League, that he follow up the National Reciprocity Conference with a National Stand-Pat Demonstration. And, by the way, it was high time for another of those heart to heart chats with first voters.



"BEWARE THE SEVENTH OF NOVEMBER!"

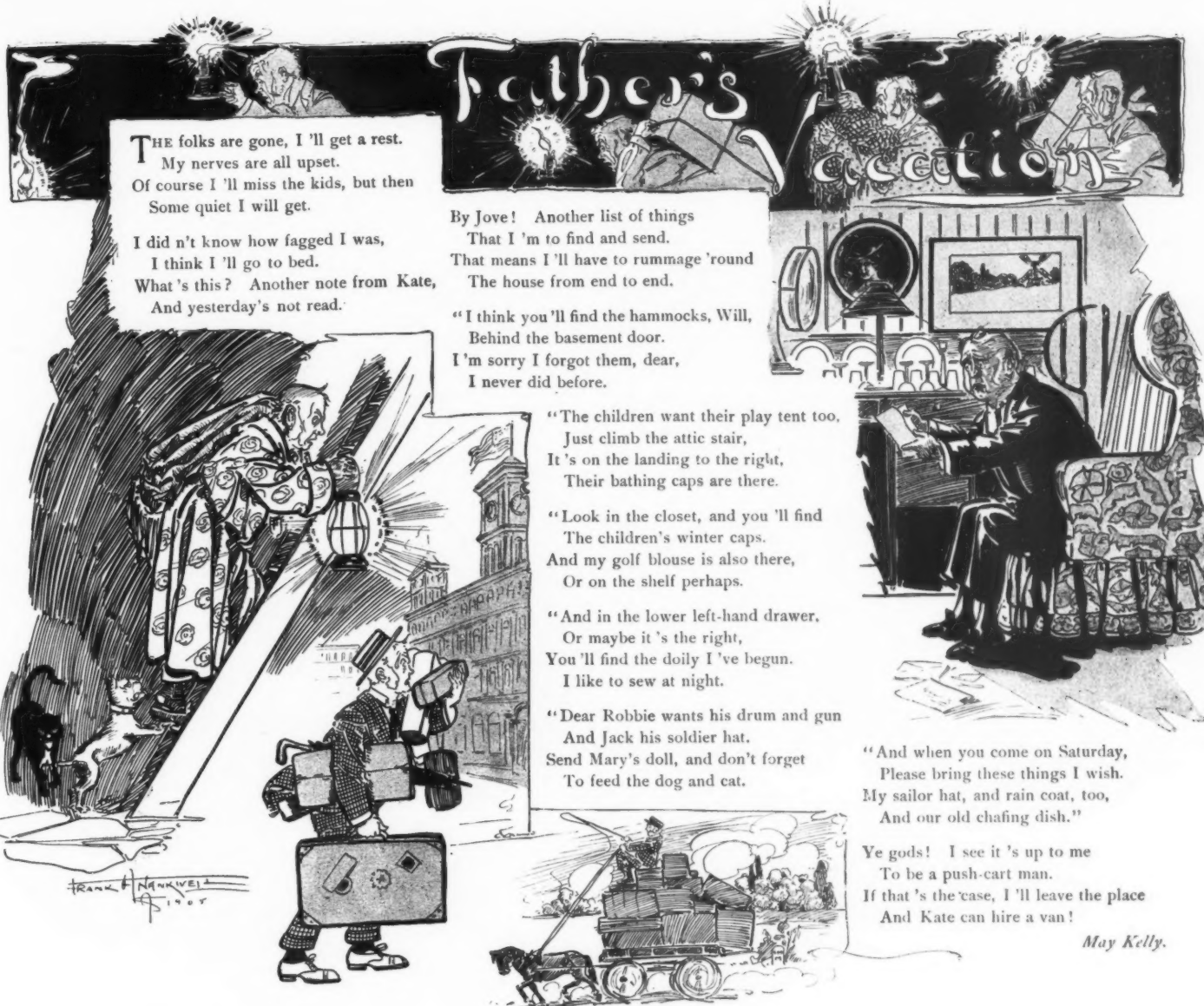
BARON MELEN has succeeded the late General Count Shuvaloff as Moscow's prefect of police. To be sure, it is out of our province, but it seems nevertheless as though the police department was never quite the place for Shuvaloff. A man of that name, we think, would have done much better in the Snow Removal Bureau.

THE PIKE which, when caught, was found to contain two smaller fish, some pieces of wire, two keys, a portion of a saw and a scrap of iron, was a vivid example of talent wasted. A genius at trust-forming was lost to the world when deliberately it elected to become a pike.

MR. CHARLES E. RUSSELL, writing of the remedy for corporate evils, declares "we must cease to make any distinction between corporation crime and individual crime."

That, we recall, was the opinion held by Messrs. Harmon and Judson, and the marked official coldness with which the notion was received should convince Mr. Russell, and others as well, if they need convincing, that the day of "no distinction" is still some distance off.





THE folks are gone, I'll get a rest.  
My nerves are all upset.  
Of course I'll miss the kids, but then  
Some quiet I will get.

I did n't know how fagged I was,  
I think I'll go to bed.  
What's this? Another note from Kate,  
And yesterday's not read.

By Jove! Another list of things  
That I'm to find and send.  
That means I'll have to rummage 'round  
The house from end to end.

"I think you'll find the hammocks, Will,  
Behind the basement door.  
I'm sorry I forgot them, dear,  
I never did before.

"The children want their play tent too,  
Just climb the attic stair,  
It's on the landing to the right,  
Their bathing caps are there.

"Look in the closet, and you'll find  
The children's winter caps.  
And my golf blouse is also there,  
Or on the shelf perhaps.

"And in the lower left-hand drawer,  
Or maybe it's the right,  
You'll find the doily I've begun.  
I like to sew at night.

"Dear Robbie wants his drum and gun  
And Jack his soldier hat.  
Send Mary's doll, and don't forget  
To feed the dog and cat.

"And when you come on Saturday,  
Please bring these things I wish.  
My sailor hat, and rain coat, too,  
And our old chafing dish."

Ye gods! I see it's up to me  
To be a push-cart man.  
If that's the case, I'll leave the place  
And Kate can hire a van!

May Kelly.

## IN THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

RANDOM MEMORANDUMS OF \$1,500 GOVERNMENT CLERK.

**M**ONDAY.—Don't forget to see Jinks, the agent,  
about chartering steam yacht. Yacht is 145  
feet over all and has speed of 15 knots.  
Will offer owner \$20,000 for four months,  
but not a cent more.

TUESDAY.—Engagement at 11 o'clock  
with Burroughs and Diggs, real estate brokers,  
as to possible purchase of apartment  
hotel; owner wants \$85,000. Proposition  
pleases me.

WEDNESDAY.—Appointment with Mr.  
Honk at Chugchug's garage, relative to the  
\$15,000 Panhard that he wants to sell me.

I'll tell him it's a go if he'll take my \$8,000 domestic in part  
payment.

THURSDAY.—Run up to New York and see ——— and ———  
about reports. Don't understand what they're kicking about.  
They're getting the reports five days ahead of the public now.

FRIDAY.—While in N. Y., get upper deck staterooms for wife  
and Millie on the *Graftland*, sailing the 29th. Millie says nothing  
less than a \$2,000 suite, Papa.

SATURDAY.—Don't forget little game with the Department boys  
at the Parasite Club. Ten dollar limit. 9 P. M.

SUNDAY.—Take out the bay team for a run in the road-cart.  
Groom says they need exercise. Gad, I ought to get some good out  
of them; they cost me \$3000 apiece.

## HALF THE PLEASURE.

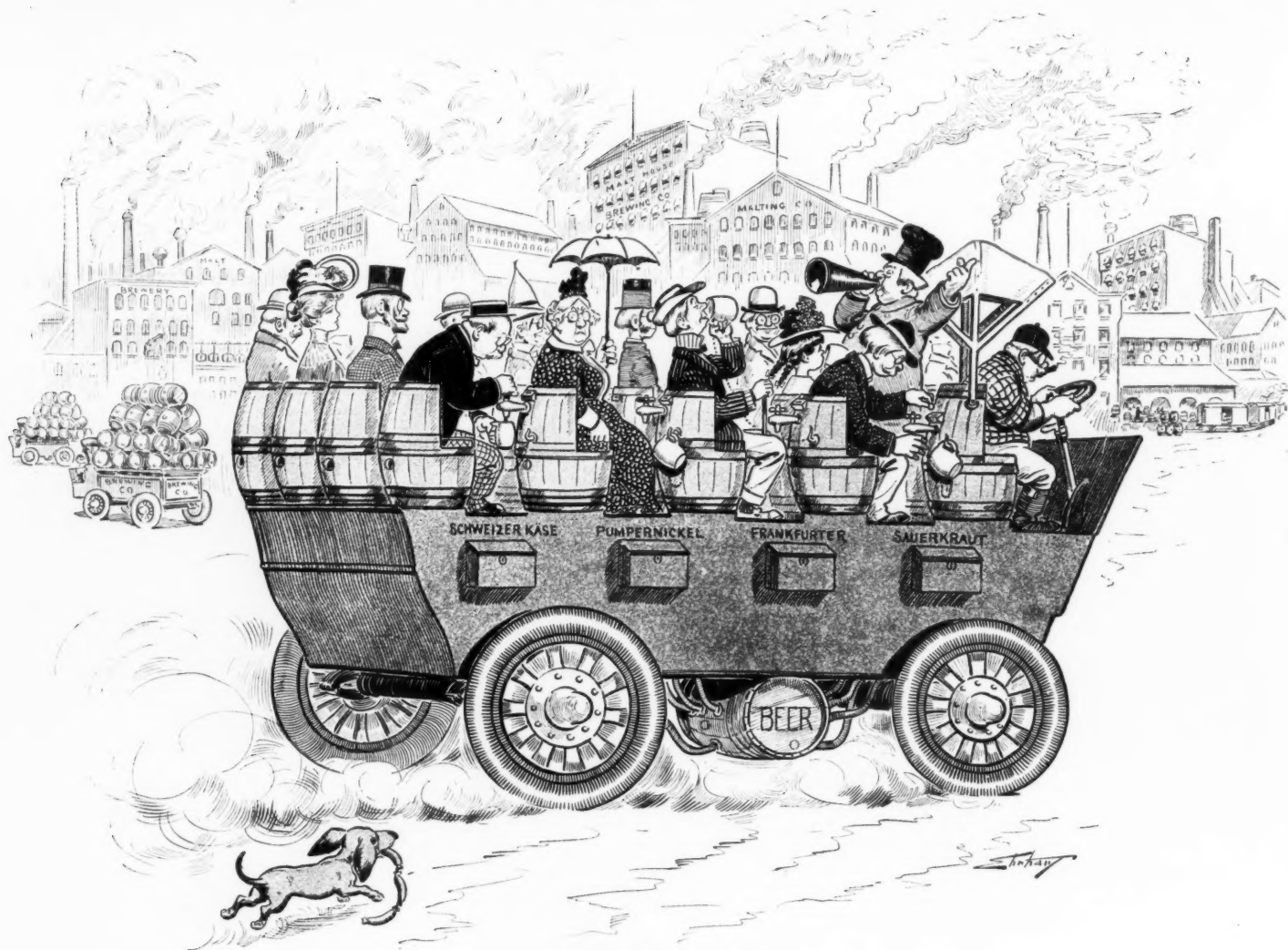
"DID you have a good time at the picnic, Bobby?"  
"No'm; Paw an' Maw went—an' I didn' have nobody t'  
tell nuthin' to when I got home."



## WHEN LITERATURE WAS YOUNG.

SIMFORD.—Who is that high and mighty individual,  
anyway?

JIMFORD.—That? Why, great Dinosaur! Don't  
you know who *that* is? That's Toothbarkington, the pre-  
historical novelist. He gets seven clam shells a word for  
everything he chisels.



SEEING MILWAUKEE.



CONTENTED.

HE always let her hold the reins  
On all their moonlight drives,  
Which fact presumably explains  
A habit that survives.

The team of matrimony is  
Balky at times, we know;  
But that is no concern of his:—  
Her money makes it go!  
*Felix Carmen.*

EXPERIMENT.

"I HAVE been married twice, once for  
love and once for money."  
"Are you satisfied?"  
"Not quite. I should like to try  
marrying for a little of both, if I may."

FITNESS.

"HIS vast expenditures in the pur-  
chase of votes are not denied."  
"Well?"  
"Of course these make him out an  
unfit man to sit in the United States  
Senate."  
"You are misinformed. They by no  
means impoverished him."

IF beauty were a sin, this would be indeed a wicked generation;  
sin, of course, being a matter rather of intent than of achievement.

AMPLE PROVOCATION.

"I've got a notion to move over to Allegash," grimly remarked  
the Old Codger, glowering over the top of his newspaper.  
"As I'm blessed—Yop! That's  
what I said!—with a considerable  
string of nephews and nieces,  
I'm compelled each year to  
attend the closing exercises  
of the school. Here the  
affair always winds up with  
the baccalaureate sermon,  
while I see by the *Weekly  
Agitator* that over there they  
closed this year with eclat.  
I d'know just how much  
difference there may be be-  
twixt the two methods, but  
t'ennyrate when it comes to  
two evils I am always in favor  
of chosing the shortest and  
easiest to pronounce."



REASONABLE.

"JUST one more, Pa," began  
Bobby.  
"Just one, now," said Pa, his  
eyes still glued to the book.  
"Well," said Bobby, "a man who writes a poem is a poet,  
is n't he?"  
"Um," muttered Pa.  
"Then why is n't a man who writes an ode an odor?"

**N**o equally great thing can be made of such slight material as happiness.



WHEN TO PROPOSE AND HOW.

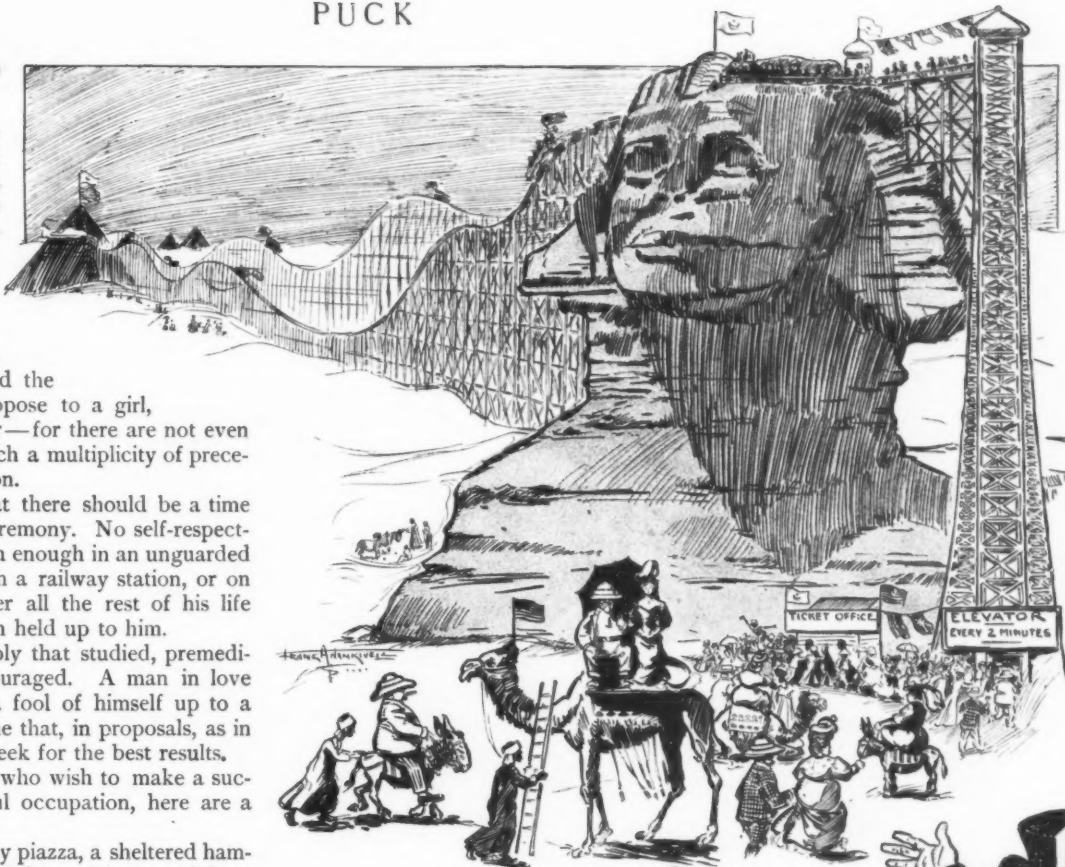
**A**T the first glance, it seems strange that there should not be, by this time, a well established etiquette about proposals of marriage. Society has formulated an unwritten but none the less stringent code of laws about what shall be done in almost every other human relationship. But with regard to the time and the place in which it is best to propose to a girl, not only do authorities not differ—for there are not even any authorities—but there is such a multiplicity of precedents as to lead only to confusion.

And yet it is important that there should be a time and a place for this emotional ceremony. No self-respecting man, just because he was rash enough in an unguarded moment to ask a girl to be his in a railway station, or on top of an omnibus, should suffer all the rest of his life by having this act of indiscretion held up to him.

This is by no means to imply that studied, premeditated proposals are to be encouraged. A man in love should be permitted to make a fool of himself up to a certain point. And yet it is true that, in proposals, as in every other matter, we should seek for the best results.

For the guidance of those who wish to make a success of this pleasant and fearful occupation, here are a few suggestions:

Select a back parlor, a shady piazza, a sheltered hammock, a sheltering rock or a quiet lane. If none of these places is available, or someone is there before you, select some other place where you can be alone with the girl.



TIPS TO TOURIST AGENTS.

MAKE EGYPT ATTRACTIVE FROM THE AMERICAN VIEWPOINT.

Do not write to her beforehand of what you are going to do, or warn her in any way. She knows already, but one of the greatest pleasures she has is to make you think she has n't the remotest idea of it.

Once alone with the girl, and as close to her as you can get without exciting suspicion, consider your next move. There are several openings you can make. There is the friendship opening, in which you begin by talking of friendship and gradually get around to the fact that there is something better. Or, there is the I—can't—get—along—without—you opening, which consists in telling the girl how lonely you have been in your bachelor apartments and the terrible temptations you are subject to, and how you need someone to step in at once and take charge of your character. Or there is the allegorical opening, in which you state an imaginary case and suddenly apply it to yourself.

But the best opening after all, is to waste no words, but quietly, remorselessly take the girl into your arms, and ask if it is yes or no. If she is the right kind of a girl she will not tell you. But if she puts you off, and at the same time lets you kiss her, you may rest assured that from this time forth there is little else for you to do. Your work is over.

"THIS WAY! ONLY A DIME!"



THE USUAL RESULT.

KIND OLD GENTLEMAN.—Why don't you take Professor Elliot's advice and always associate with your superiors?

CITY HALL SOWDERS.—Alas, sir, dat don't work in practice. I tried onct ter mingle wit' a bunch uv first-class house breakers an' dey ostercized me!

STRANGE TO THE COUNTRY.

FARMER SKINNER (*who takes in summer boarders*)—I wuz jest a-readin' about that Californy wizard, Burbank, an' b'gosh, he kin cert'nly do wonders in growin' strange kinds uv vegetables.

THE BRAVEST BOARDER.—Has he succeeded in producing can-less peas, or unpreserved tomatoes?

THE mantle of charity falls especially over the sins of poverty. It is not so necessary where sins are committed by such as can afford to hire a good lawyer.

# PUCK

## BALLADE OF DISTINCTION.



'VE sung of the yesteryear's snows,  
I've dabbled in verse that was sweet,  
I've written rondels to the rose,  
I've sung of the man in the street,  
With ideas I'm simply replete,  
As full as a bell is of dongs,  
As full as a nut is of meat—  
But I never wrote popular songs.

"Down, Down where the Old River Flows,"  
"The Peaches that Jane Used to Eat,"  
"Where the Shade of the Apple Tree Grows,"  
Or "One Day I Did Chance to Greet,"  
I've never made "Annie" entreat  
A villain to fix up her wrongs,  
"I Love My Dear Jessie So Neat"—  
But I never wrote popular songs.

I've been to variety shows  
And heard a whole audience beat  
Their time to that metrical prose  
And the whole blessed chorus repeat.  
I have harked to the tramp of the feet  
Of hundreds of thirty-cent throngs,  
I have heard 'em rhyme "state," "quite" and "cheat"—  
But I never wrote popular songs.

### L'ENVOI.

O Fame, if I'm not on your sheet  
Give me place where a hero belongs;  
Please pardon my righteous conceit—  
But I never wrote popular songs.

Franklin P. Adams.

THE way of the transgressor is, generally speaking, hard. For unless a man has a very high-powered machine, such as few can afford, how is he ever to transgress on a soft road?



PULLMAN PORTER (*insinuatingly*).—On'y twenty minutes tuh Jersey City, genlemun!

## HISTORY.

HISTORY consists of a large mass of recorded fiction, handed down to us by previous generations, who grew tired of having it on hand.

When it became expedient to begin to put down history, all the historians got together and formed a liars' club—one of the most successful organizations in the universe.

History is divided into Ancient and Modern. Ancient history comprises all the period previous to the rise in Newport real estate, and Modern history all that period since Uncle Sam began wearing a Panama hat.

History is learned in all schools, and unlearned afterwards. When a student has studied history, as taught in the college class room, the grammar school, the primary department, the kindergarten, and so on up to the higher grades, he has but one motto: "Forget it."

History is the sum total of everything that has happened, by those who were not there and don't know anything about it. The philosophy of history is the philosophy of failure.

To be successful in reproducing the historical atmosphere of the past, we learn all we can about the present, and date it back.

The really great historian, therefore, must be an artist in crime. He must continually deceive us about the past, in order to bring home to us the truth about the present.



## DURING THE BUGSOME.

DONALD MACINSECT.—Where did Beetle fall off in his game, caddie?

CADDIE.—At the seventh hole, sir; he lost four strokes getting over the ant-hill.

IT is not the tainted money that goes into the hands of clergymen that need worry us so much as the tainted money that goes into the hands of politicians.



## SUPPOSE IT SHOULD HAPPEN.

ALL THE PASSENGERS (*in enthusiastic chorus*).—Brush you off, sir?





PUZZLING.

CASEY.—Phwat is thot felly hidin' under his auto fer?  
CORRIGAN.—Oi dun naw—sure th' lady looks plisint enough!

#### THE NUTTY PHILOSOPHER.

"**T**HIS man Lincoln Steffens is all right," remarked the Nutty Philosopher, laying down his magazine. "He can train his shame-finder on any square mile on the map and find corruption knee-deep. The business of the country is n't on the square, and the woods are as full of crooks and grafters as of skeeters in June. But the point is, what in Cos Cob would this country do if men were honest?"

The Nutty Philosopher paused for a reply, and not being able to negotiate one, he resumed:

"Suppose you and I and everybody else became honest to-morrow: what would happen? For a starter every burglar alarm concern and burglary insurance company would suspend. Safety deposit vaults would do a dwindling business. The sales of safes would peter out, and manufacturers of bolts, bars, locks and keys would go broke. Immigration would fall off heavily, because there would be small occasion for a police force. There would be nothing doing for bond companies, cash register factories, handwriting experts, smart set weeklies, patent solicitors, antique furniture dealers, oriental rug auctioneers, safe movers, collection and detective agencies, steel shutter makers, tax assessors, W. R. Hearst, and forty other businesses that thrive on the dishonesty of the race. Why, Wall Street would be wiped out at one lick, and the almshouses and soup kitchens would be running over with starving lawyers.

"No, siree!" The Nutty Philosopher returned to his magazine. "Honesty may be the best policy, but I notice that even my insurance company has quit writing that kind."

**A** STABLE disposition together with horse sense generally gives a man a pretty good position in the human race.



#### MOTHER GOOSE MODERNIZED.

**T**HERE was a man and he had naught,  
So creditors quick sought him;  
They hung around his house all day,  
Their bills collectors brought him.

But he got out the house disguised,  
And ere the bunch could find him,  
A bankrupt he had been declared,  
And left his debts behind him.

#### THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

**T**HIS is a busy job he owns,  
There is no doubt of that.  
When he's not laying corner-stones,  
He's passing round the hat.

#### NOT ALARMED.

"**M**v—er-h'm!—dear young friends," with genial condescension, said the Hon. Thomas Rott, politician, addressing the pupils of the village school, "persevere in your tasks, learn your lessons well, gain knowledge, and bye-and-bye you—I mean, of course, you boys; in a moment I shall have something equally as important to say to the girls—do your best, boys, and after a while you may be sent to the legislature!"

"Aw-w-w-w!" returned a square-headed little villain, down in front. "You can't scare me! I'm as bad as I can be, right now, and nothin' happens to me!"

#### THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

**T**HE young man sat in the parlor waiting the coming of the adored one and listening nervously to the chatter of the small brother. It was the same old chatter—hints of favored rivals and side lights on feminine characteristics not calculated to spur the suitor onward in the path of matrimony. And the lover hated the small brother.

But years passed and the small brother grew up and, in the course of time, found himself in a parlor, nervously listening. Another small brother was chattering. Thus does the whirligig of time bring its revenges.

**N**o minister who takes a vacation works like the devil.



J. OTTMANN LITH CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

SLEEPING BEAUTY.





PUCK

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## THE WORM TURNS.

"How many be's there in the family?"

"Three. My husband, myself and daughter."

"An' how many help do yes keep?"

"Three girls."

"How many afternoons out do yes let them off?"

"Every third Sunday, and one every week."

"Don't they have any evenin's to themselves?"

"Certainly—every evening after their work is done."

"But don't they get any whole evenin's?"

"Oh, yes. One every week."

"Well, Mum, that bein' the case, I think I'll give yez a trial for a while, anyways."

"Oh, thank you. But just a moment. Do you play the piano?"

"The pianny, is it? No, Mum, I do not."

"Well, I suppose you can mimic or skirt dance or cake walk or give dramatic readings from the poets or something like that?"

"I'm no actress, Mum."

"Hum. Well, have you many expensive gowns, dinner dresses, ball gowns, and so forth?"

"I dress dacint."

"Can you play a good game of bridge?"

"Divil a bit, Mum. But forty-four! Ah-h, I'm the great cheat at forty-four."



## "DIPLOMATIC CIRCLES."

The chief topic in diplomatic circles still is the meeting of the Czar and the Kaiser.—*N. Y. Sun.*

"Dear me, this is too bad. But don't you golf or tennis or go in for athletics generally?"

"It's myself is no tomboy."

"This is too bad, too bad. But perhaps you have had your voice cultivated, and can sing divinely?"

A long stare of wonder and question.

"No? Then I'm afraid you won't do. No, really you won't do at all. You see, I want somebody who can entertain my guests while I do the work." *Alex. Ricketts.*

## IDENTIFIED.

AN Interrogation point started out on his travels, and no matter where he went he was n't recognized.

A pessimist, who looked him over, said:

"Well, here's an uncouth figure.

You stand for something, I know, but what it is I cannot tell. Who is your father? Who is your mother?"

"Never mind," said the Interrogation point.

The optimist, gazing on him for the first time, displayed the same ignorance.

"Your face seems familiar to me," he said. "You have a family resemblance to some one, and yet I cannot place you. You are an important personage I know, and I hope you will pardon me for not being able to address you by your right name. Tell me who you are."

"Never mind," said the Interrogation point, and passed on.

The optimist and pessimist, not being satisfied with answer, stood on the corner and watched him curiously, until Sister Hope came up.

"Who is that fellow?" they asked simultaneously.

"That?" said Sister Hope. "Why, that is only a Question of Time."



## A CRUEL BLOW.

BROGAN.—They tell me that Dugan fairly worships th' latest addition t' his family?

SHEA.—He did.

BROGAN.—He *did*? Glory be! What happened?

SHEA.—His wife had th' addition christened "Clarence."

## DE TROP.

WHEN he entered the Art Gallery, somehow Percy felt immediately that he was out of place.

He was naturally discomforted at the presence of so many patronesses. He had counted only on two and there were twenty or thirty of them.

Percy felt for his butterfly tie. He also had on a sack coat, though it was four in the afternoon. He carried a soft hat. Poor Percy!

He stood idly by and heard the conversation for a while, and then beat his breast in silent misery. Could it be that at such a social function, his presence had been secretly noticed? He felt much ashamed.

"It is true," said Percy, as he stole away in secret, "that I painted the principal picture in the collection—yet why should I, a mere artist, be at ease in such a gathering?"



## WHAT HE ESCAPED.

FARMER HECKER.—I'm durn glad I wuz n't on earth when them there animiles wuz a-livin'.

THE ATTENDANT.—Why?

FARMER HECKER.—Why, gol darn it! A feller'd have tew use a right tall step ladder tew milk one uv them critters!

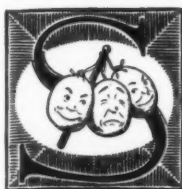
**Scandal grows best in a soil of falsehood with a substratum of truth. It is greatly stimulated, as all plants are, by having the soil constantly stirred.**



# PUCK

## CONCENTRATED TALES.

### ROMANCE.



UMMER. Seashore. Beach. Pretty girl. Fond parents. Bathing. Surf. Treacherous undertow. Raft. Crowd occupied. Sudden cry. Spot in distance. Hands up once. Handsome stranger. Long quick strokes. Hands up twice. Breathless suspense. Shudders. "Got her." Back. Hard pull. Courage. Loving hands. "Saved." Parents' tears. Beautiful pale face. Eyes opened at last. Next day. Hotel parlor. Group. Beautiful girl. Handsome stranger. Fond father. More tears. Tête à tête. Strolls. Moonlights. Back piazzas. Squeezes. Kisses. Hugs. Congratulations. Ceremony. Farewells. Trip. Silence. Telegram from Salt Lake. "Mormon." "I'm number 4." "Coming." "Adele."

### INFANCY.

Nurse's day out. Mama crying "Fore." Nursery. Baby. Daddy. Choo Choos. Automobiles. Horses. Rattles. Reins. Drum. Bells. Horn. Mouth organ. Blocks. Nervousness. Tears. Sobs. Yells. Ride a cock horse. Bears. Pick a back. Nervousness. Tears. Sobs. Yells. Milk. Lullaby. Croonings. Walkings. Chidings. Nervousness. Tears. Sobs. Yells. Coat. Leggings. Hat. Hindside before. Baby carriage. Safety pin loose. Nervousness. Pain. Tears. Sobs. Yells. Policeman. Crowd. Procession. Home. Investigation. Clue. Evidence. Proof. Pin found. Candy. Quiet. Nap. Cigar. Distant cry. Songs. Whistlings. Jogglings. Jounces. Nervousness. Tears. Sobs. Yells. Convulsions. Doubts. Fears. Certainty. Telephone. Suspense. Doctor. Guying. Bottle. "Mama." Reproaches. Scene. Club.

### DREAMS.

Desk. Office. Book-keeper. Ledger. Red ink. Black ink. Pen. Figures. Columns. Footings. Addition. Abstraction. Reverie. Castles. Girl. Eyes. Nose. Lips. Hair. Country. Lonely lane. Hand holding. Shy looks. Yieldings. Heaven. Love. Money. Honeymoon. Europe. Brown stone. Horses. Autos. City house. Country house. Private car. Yacht. Old friends entertained. Pattering feet. Clubs. Books. Fame. Error in footing. Next day. Summons. Head of firm. Warning. Apology. Penitence. Back again. Same ledger. Same ink. Same pen. Same addition. Same dream. Same girl. Same love. Same money. Same brown stone. Same private car. Same yacht. Same fame. Same error. Same



### WORDS TO THAT EFFECT.

MR. NIPLEY. — Great Caesar's Ghost! Will that act ever end?  
MRS. NIPLEY (*sweetly*). — That's what the governor of South Carolina remarked to the governor of North Carolina, wasn't it, dear?

summons. Dismissal. Wanderings. Uppers. Dreams. Visions. Same girl. Same pen. Story. Publisher. Fame. Girl. Money. Pattering feet. Etc.

### CHANCE.

Lamb. Friend. Tip. Gilt edged. Sure thing. Broker's. Introduction. Red carpets. Screens. Mahogany. Tickers. Margin. "Buy" Market strong. Next day. Rise. "Buy." Pyramid. Easy. Wise. Winner. Cabs. Flowers for girl. Tailor. Why work. Pools. Inside. Up. More flowers. Credit. Fluctuations. Friend sanguine. Temporary. Market off. Temporary. Slight nervousness. Rumors. London uneasy. Market soft. Hope. Despair. Friend still sanguine. Slump. Margin. More rumors. Regrets. Vows. Curses.

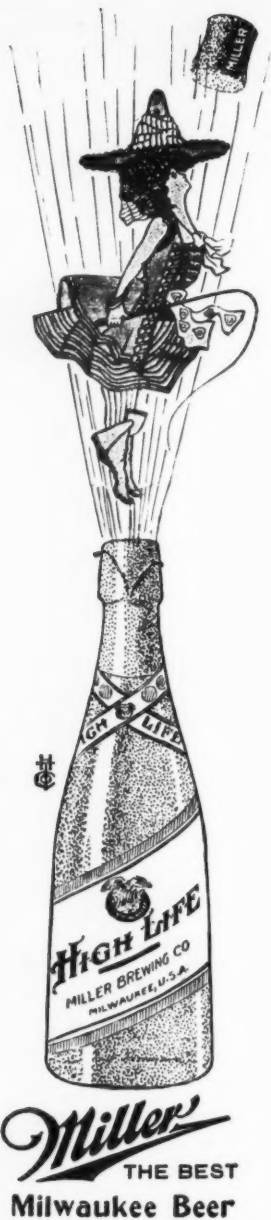
Margin. Turn coming. Wait. Courage. Up. Hope. Chidings. All right after all. Quiet. Dull. Very dull. Nothing doing. Sudden drop. No cause. Margin. Another sudden drop. No cause. Margin. Depression. Rumors. Slump. Regrets. Panicky. Friend away. No more margin. "Sold out." Broke.

Tom Masson.



### THE FIRST FLATS.

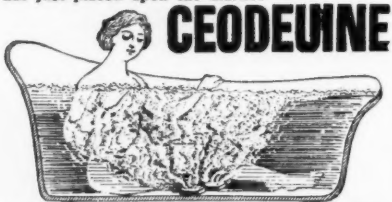
PRIMITIVE AMERICAN. — By the big Montezuma! Everywhere I go I get the same answer—no children!  
JANITOR HIGH CLIFF COURT. — Can't help it! The last lot chipped all the rock in the hall, tore the cavepaper and whittled arrow-heads out of the window-sills. Git!



The scream of the eagle on the dollar is the halleluia music that sets the world dancing!—*Atlanta Constitution*.

CHICAGO is ready to furnish the pure Vermont maple sirup with which it is proposed to christen the battleship Vermont.—*Washington Post*.

The well known **SPARKLETS C\*** in PARIS which had such an enormous success with its "Sparklets" for preparing instantaneously Soda Water and all other sparkling drinks, replying to a great public want has just placed upon the market



for the immediate preparation of **CARBONIC ACID BATHS** a la mode de Nauheim, recommended by the highest European and American medical faculties for Heart Disease & Ladies Complaints.  
**PROSPECTUS FREE SPARKLETS C\*, Paris.**  
**GOOD GENERAL AGENTS WANTED**

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A soft, fine grained skin is a valued possession.

Pears' Soap gives title to ownership.

Established in 1783.

# WILSON WHISKEY

## THAT'S ALL!

### THE PROCRASTINATOR.

"Betty, why do you sit up at this hour of the night darning your stockings?" said mother, sharply; "don't you know it's twelve o'clock?"  
"Oh, yes," laughed Betty, "but it's never too late to mend!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE BOLL weevil is an amateur compared with the graft weevil in ability to decrease the cotton crop.—*Washington Post*.

SPECULATORS who got rich buying the cotton reports will now have to attend strictly to business, with intervals of lecturing before Chautauqua assemblies on industry and integrity as the elements of business success.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.



### THE USES OF SCHOOL.

PETEY.—Kin yer throw the spit-ball?  
CHAMES.—*Kin* I! Did n't I practice all last winter on de teacher!

An ounce of sherry and a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters before meals is a wonderful appetizer.

### A FINANCIAL TAP.

"Did you succeed in breaking your grandfather's will?"  
"No; but we managed to bend it so that a few more thousand dollars oozed out of the family tree."—*Detroit Free Press*.

### AT ANY COST.

A darkey preacher was lost in the happy selection of his text, which he repeated in vigorous accents of pleading.

"Oh, bredern, at de las' day dere's gwine to be sheep an' dere's gwine to be goats. Who's gwine to be de sheep, and who's gwine to be de goats? Let's all try to be like de li'l white lambs, bredern. Shall we be de goats, sisters? Naw, we's gwine to be de sheep. Who's gwine to be de sheep, bredern, an' who's gwine to be de goats? Tak' care ob youh souls, sisters. Remember, dere's gwine to be goats an' sheep. Who's gwine to be de sheep an' who's gwine to be de goats?"

Just then a solitary Irishman who had been sitting in the back of the church, listening attentively, rose and said:

"Oi'll be the goat. Go on; tell us the joke, elder. Oi'll be the goat!"  
—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

### A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.

"Fine weather we've been having lately?"  
"Oh, yes—but trouble's a-comin'!"  
"Well, we can't have roses all the year."  
"Don't want no roses; what we're a-wantin' is cotton—and plenty of it—at twelve cents!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

You may occasionally get a crumb of comfort, but the trouble that is due you comes in loaves.—*Atchison Globe*.



MANY wise club stewards find it more satisfactory to serve CLUB COCKTAILS instead of guesswork kind.

No guesswork cocktail can present so perfect a result as CLUB COCKTAILS. The choicest of liquors, their exquisite proportions and the necessary ageing make CLUB brand the cocktail par excellence.

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of excellence and superiority,  
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THE man who waits for opportunity  
to bring him fortune will do well to get a  
comfortable chair. — *Somerville Journal*.

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TRADE MARK  
COLLAR  
MADE

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15¢  
EACH



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SUPPLY YOU, WRITE US  
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THE first six hours after a girl is  
engaged, she acts much like a man  
who is intoxicated — *Atchison Globe*.

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Buffalo, N. Y.

HEADING HIM OFF.

HICKS.—"My wife dropped in to  
see me at the office to-day and—"  
WICKS.—"Sorry, old man, but I've  
been touched, too; can't lend you a  
cent." — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

"NO NEWS TO SPEAK OF."

"There is really no news to speak  
of," writes a rural correspondent, "ex-  
cept three or four legs cut off by the  
railroad, and one man that killed him-  
self with a double-barrel gun—whose  
name I did not have time to learn."  
*Atlanta Constitution*.

WARY.

"Can't I persuade you to subscribe  
to this publication?" said the gentle-  
manly agent.

"No," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I'd  
like to have the book, but if I took it  
I am afraid people would say I was  
trying to keep something from being  
published about me." — *Washington  
Star*.

THE CUT DIRECT.

"Our grass should be cut, John,"  
hinted Mrs. Subbubs.

"That's so. It does look very  
seedy," replied her husband languidly.  
"I'll ignore it with proper hauteur  
hereafter." — *Catholic Standard and  
Times*.

SOME men persist in trying to hide  
their light under a bushel when a gill  
measure would be plenty large enough.  
— *Somerville Journal*.

WHEN we look at the wagon loads  
of vegetables raised by the market  
gardeners, we can't help admitting that  
they know more about gardening than  
we do. — *Atchison Globe*.

A MUCH-NEEDED REFORM.

What a mighty reformation we would witness through the land  
If the masses and the classes could be made to understand  
That he wins at least one sinner from dishonesty and pelf  
Who will let alone his neighbor and just practice on himself.

*Four-Track News*.

A WISE CHILD.

Down at the Sea Breeze the other day was small Miss Margery, aged four,  
walking along the bluff with a friend of her mother's who had accompanied the  
family on a day's outing.

"Don't go so near the edge," cautioned the child's companion, as the ven-  
turesome little one frolicked in the dangerous place, and as the advice was un-  
heeded added: "It won't be my fault, if you fall over."

"No," said Margery, "but you'll be the one blamed for it." — *Rochester  
Union and Advertiser*.

WHEN PHOTOGRAPHY WAS YOUNG.

MISS PASSAY.—I have a picture of myself as a baby, but it is n't a very  
true likeness, I'm afraid.

MISS PEPPER.—No, those daguerrotypes were never quite satisfactory.  
— *Catholic Standard and Times*.

AFTER a man passes fifty it is impossible for him to get up any enthusiasm  
about any thing but his troubles. — *Atchison Globe*.

for Liquor and  
Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been  
skillfully and successfully administered by  
medical specialists for the past 25 years.

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**WILLIAMS' SHAVING  
SOAP**



**Or a Farm**

**Which Would You Choose?**

Mr. H. A. S., of Muskegon, Mich., writes us:

"I had tried nearly every soap made for shaving, but my face was so  
broken out that for months I could not shave. Finally I began to use **Williams' Shaving Soap** and the soreness and irritation rapidly disappeared. I would  
not be without **Williams' Shaving Soap** for a farm."

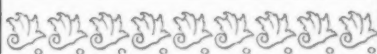
If you had the choice of **Williams' Shaving Soap** and a fair,  
smooth, comfortable face, or a farm and a broken-out and irritated  
face to annoy and disfigure you all your life, which would *you*  
choose?



**Williams' Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Toilet Waters,  
Talcum Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Williams'  
Tar Soap, etc., sold everywhere.**

Sample of Williams' Shaving Stick for 4c. in stamps

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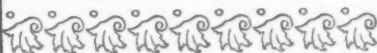
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"Is n't Hussel going to take a  
vacation this summer?"

"No."


"Why, he took one last summer."

"Yes, but he was on salary then.  
He's a member of the firm now."  
— *Philadelphia Press*.

MAKING QUICK TIME.

"That new author rides in an  
automobile now."

"Yes, he could n't get to oblivion  
fast enough on foot!" — *Atlanta  
Constitution*.



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Blue Ribbon**  
The Beer of Quality  
All Pabst Blue Ribbon is bottled only at  
the Brewery in Milwaukee.

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**CHAMPAGNE**

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gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George  
William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

GENTLE REPORTEE.

"Miss Cutting has a wonderfully clear complexion!"  
"No wonder! Acetic acid is so good for the skin, you know, and she's  
so awfully sour!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

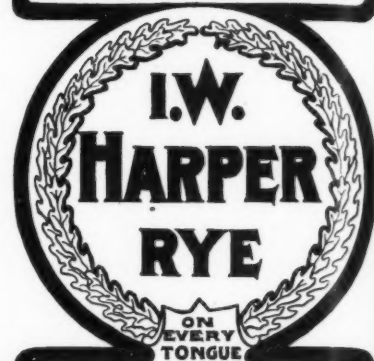


HOWWID OF HER.

BELLE.—Where did you learn to golf, Bertie?  
BERTIE.—Wight heah at th' club. Why?  
BELLE.—Oh, nothing; only I thought it might have been at a  
correspondence school.

A glass of soda, and a tablespoonful of Abbott's  
Angostura Bitters make a pleasing drink and act as  
a tonic.

The Worlds Best Experts  
Pronounce It The Best.



**Gold Medals**  
Chicago 1893 New Orleans 1885 Paris 1900  
**Grand Prize Highest Award**  
**St. Louis World's Fair.**

CARRIAGE FOLK.

"I hear that your husband was at  
death's door," began Mrs. Goodley.  
"Pardon me, no," interrupted Mrs.  
Nuritch, haughtily, the "porte-coch-  
ere."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

It was the woman who dreamed  
that her husband had given her the  
goods for a new gown who waked to  
a realizing sense of what the poet  
meant by "the baseless fabric of this  
vision."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

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**Monsieur d'en  
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tain of the adventures of Huevos Pa-  
sada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio  
Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie  
Gras, is a clever and amusing burles-  
que on the novel of histrio-adventure.  
We consider it strange it has  
not been done before, but it is cer-  
tainly well done now.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

The adventures which Robert Gas-  
ton de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of  
Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie  
Gras, and Much Else Besides, suc-  
ceeds in crowding into the short space  
of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Monsieur D'En Brochette," is a  
capital travesty of the romances of  
Alexandre Dumas which have been  
so numerous and popular in the last  
few years. The satire is keen and  
even the victims cannot fail to ad-  
mire the skill with which the sharp  
thrills are given.

—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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Sue's larnin' the pianner,  
I'd have you understan';  
It beats a hundred fiddles,  
An' "Dixie" by the ban';  
An' thar's no more any quiet  
In Georgia's happy lan'—  
An' I think I'll go to Texas in the  
mornin'!

II.  
Sue's larnin' the pianner:  
On high the music floats,—  
We're rushin' fer the railroad,  
And headin' fer the boats!  
I only wish she'd give us a few ten-  
dollar notes,  
An' I think I'll go to Texas in the  
mornin'!—*Atlanta Constitution*

HOW HE MADE OUT.

"I hear that Willie Ka Flippe in-  
sisted during his visit to the country  
on helping the milkmaid."

"Yes. The first evening after we  
got there he went out to the barnyard  
and, taking the pail from Sarah Jane,  
sat down on the milking stool."

"How did he make out?"

"Well, he was thoroughly cowed in  
about a minute and a half."—*Chicago  
Record Herald.*

WHEN a man goes on a vacation he  
is happy in his old clothes; a woman  
is never satisfied unless dressed in her  
best.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MOST Americans eat too fast and  
too much, but the grocer and the  
butcher aren't the ones that are call-  
ing attention to the evil.—*Somerville  
Journal.*



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He merely lets his money talk,  
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"that the golden rule should guide us  
in politics, the same as elsewhere."

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"To tell you the truth, I never did  
take so very much stock in those sil-  
ver speeches."—Washington Star.

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Yellowstone Park, when the fine hotels now in service in the Great Preserve will be utilized. The train will be side-tracked in Portland for occupancy there, and all meals en route, except in the Yellowstone Park and in Denver, will be served in the special dining car.

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## WHY THE 'GATOR ESCAPED.

"The alligator swallowed him?"  
"Entirely."  
"And did they kill the 'gator?"  
"No; they thought that swallowin' him was punishment enough."—Atlanta Constitution.



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"A man is pretty sure to revise his ideas of a great many things as he advances in years," said Col. Stilwell of Kentucky.

"Have you been changing your views?"

"Yes, sir. I never realized the importance of a water supply until the boys made me head of the fire department."—Washington Star.

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They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

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Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—N. Y. S. Bulletin.

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Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—Detroit Free Press.

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You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—Boston Times.

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Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood.—Boston Times.

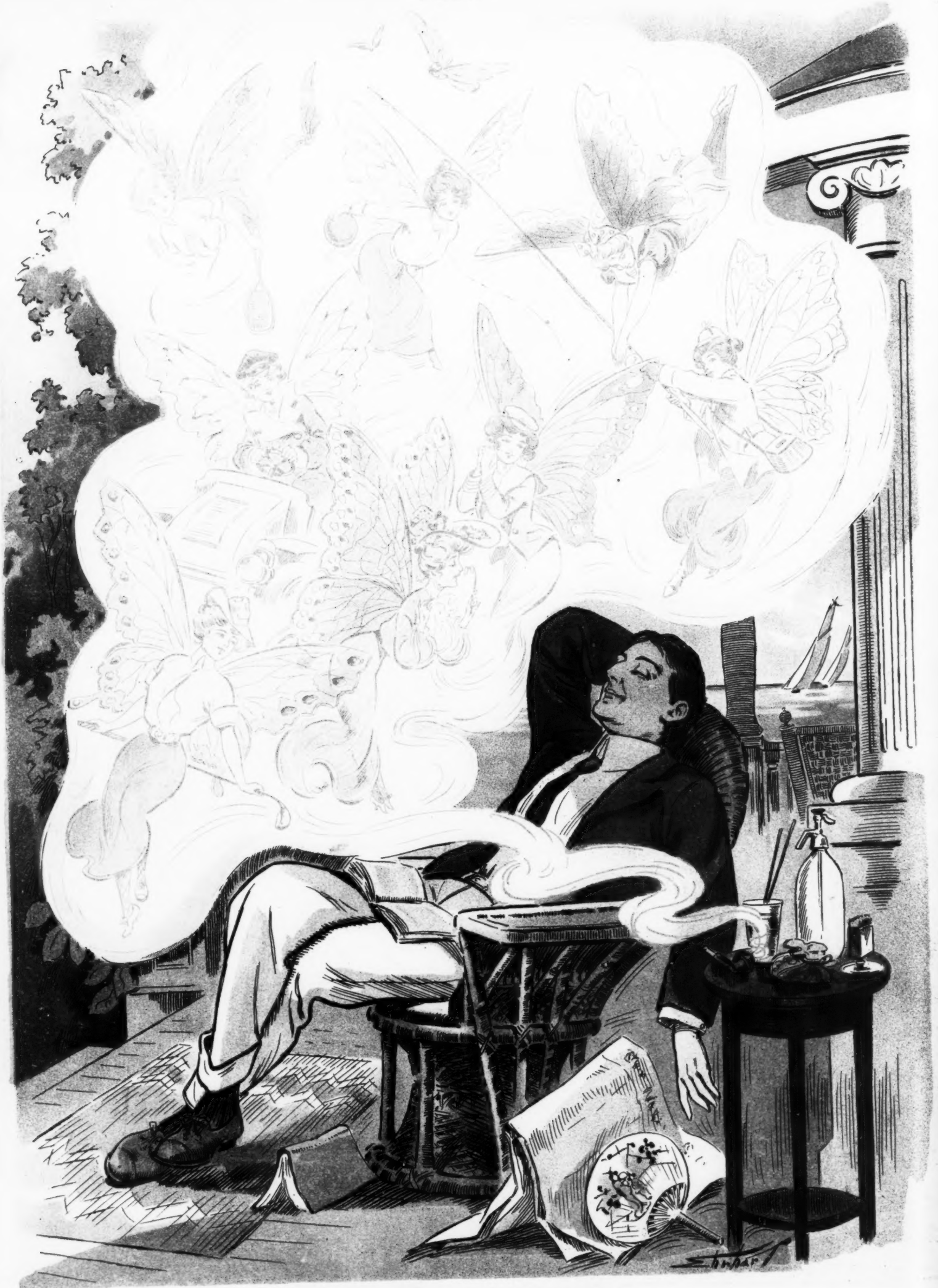
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